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FROM THE

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BEGUN IN 1858





MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. MARY ANN STURGES;

CONSISTING OF HER EARLY HISTORY,
AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A VOYAGE TO INDIA,

AND HER EXPERIENCE IN THIS COUNTRY.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

POUGHKEEPSIE:
FROM "THE AMERICAN" PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

1852.

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Subscription fund

M E M O I R S .

I was born of highly respectable parents, about three miles out of the suburbs of London, in the county of Surrey. I was the eldest daughter of MR. GEORGE HARVEY, who was employed in the Honourable East India Company's service two-and-twenty years. As the East Indiamen alternately arrived in the London Docks, my father had to go on board and take an inventory of their different cargoes; consequently he was well known to all the Captains and East India Directors. My grandfather, MR. GEORGE THOMAS GRIFFITH, was a manufacturer of anchors and different implements used to set out ships of war. He regularly supplied with goods the Navy Victualing office at Dittford, in Kent. This business proved very lucrative, and by his industry and perseverance, and by the assiduous attentions of his manager, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence, realized considerable wealth. At the age of forty-five, he was suddenly taken sick, and after suffering some few months died, leaving my grandmother, Mrs. Mary Ann Griffith, a widow, with two daughters and one son—her eldest daughter the wife of Mr. George Harvey, her youngest the wife of Mr. Charles Diveroux, a physician.

My grandmother soon perceived that my uncle, George Thomas, possessed no inclination to attend to her affairs; consequently, she thought it advisable to retain the manager, and continue on the business of her late husband.

About two years after the death of my grandfather, my grandmother married Mr. Frederick Dollman. My uncle felt very much displeased at his mother's entering into a second marriage, and felt determined in his own mind to torment and perplex them as much as he possibly could. My uncle's extravagant propensities soon caused much unhappiness between Mr. and Mrs. Dollman, for he thought of nothing else but spending money, and entering into every gaiety that he could possibly think of. At last his conduct became so incorrigible, that Mr. Dollman hastily determined that he should leave his country. The first convenient opportunity, he informed Mrs. Dollman that he felt much displeased with the conduct of her son, and could plainly perceive that she indulged him in all his extravagant propensities. "I think, Mrs. Dollman, it will be for your son's future welfare to leave England. I will purchase for him a

Lieutenant's commission in the army, and everything shall be purchased to fit him out as a gentleman. You, and your son, Mrs. Dollman, must accede to my proposal, otherwise we must separate. I will now go to the War Office, and inquire if a Regiment will shortly embark for the East or West Indies." During Mr. Dollman's absence, Mrs. Dollman made his hasty determination known to my mother and my uncle. My uncle appeared to feel conscious that he had not acted right; he was well aware that he had unfortunately pursued an acquaintance with young men of dissipated habits. After remaining in a deep reverie for some time, he told his mother that he felt quite willing to accept of Mr. Dollman's proposal, but begged her to bear in mind that at any time she might hear of his death she would have no one to blame but herself. "Had you have remained unmarried, I should not have been banished from you and my native country for ever." "Not for ever, I trust, my son." "When once I leave you, mother, it is ten thousand chances if ever you see me again. Mr. Dollman is obstinate and unforgiving. I know well that he will always owe me a grudge for taking that favorite horse of his out of the stable, and getting Tattersall to advance me money to bet at Brighton races. I expected to win, but was disappointed. Nevertheless, my dear mother, I think I had quite as much right to that horse as my youthful father-in-law. Mr. Dollman had no property when you married him. If he wants the animal, by paying Tattersall the sum he advanced to me, he can redeem it whenever he pleases. I will, my dear mother, make out an inventory of all I want to take with me; and, the sooner I am off, the better." On Mr. Dollman's return from the War Office, he inquired of Mrs. Dollman if her son was willing to leave his country. "He has resolutely made up his mind to accept of your offer, Mr. Dollman." "The 14th Light Dragoon Regiment will shortly embark for the East or the West Indies; I will purchase him a Lieutenant's commission. Previous to your son's embarkation, I should much like Mr. Lonsdale, the celebrated portrait painter in Portman Square, to take his full-length portrait, dressed in his regimentals. Mr. Lonsdale is a Royal Academician, and has a portrait in the Exhibition at Somerset House every year." Every thing was prepared for my uncle's hasty departure; he took an affectionate farewell of all his relatives and friends, and left England. For some weeks Mrs. Dollman, at the separation of her son, was almost inconsolable, and appeared at times as if she could scarcely bear the sight of Mr. Dollman. After the usual time had expired, she received a letter from her son, to inform her of his safe arrival;

that he was in excellent health, and quite happy. At the receipt of this letter, she soon became more reconciled.

After my uncle left England, Mr. Dollman proposed to my father and mother to adopt me as his own little daughter ; if they did so, that he would spare no expense upon my education ; that a servant should be engaged to attend upon me ; a room appropriated for my own use, to entertain my playmates ; and everything, as far as laid in his power, and Mrs. Dollman's, should be done to make me happy. My father and mother considered if Mr. Dollman adopted me as his own daughter, it would certainly be for my future benefit : their residence being so near Mr. Dollman's, they could see me every day if they wished. At the age of six years, I became the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dollman. My health being delicate, sea-bathing and to drink sea-water were recommended by Mr. Deveroux. As Mr. and Mrs. Dollman intended going to Brighton for six weeks, and change of air might be beneficial to my health, I had to accompany them. Brighton is a very fashionable place of resort ; it is about fifty-two miles from London. During this delightful excursion my health considerably improved. After my return, I was placed to a select day school, until I arrived at a proper age to be sent from home to some school of celebrity. At the age of twelve years I was placed at Bryan House, Blackheath, in Kent, to finish my education. This was a female establishment of notoriety, and most beautifully situated, exactly opposite to the palace of Princess Caroline of Brunswick. Highly capacitated masters were engaged to teach. Mrs. Dickens, the celebrated vocalist that sung in the different favorite operas with the renowned Braham, was engaged to teach singing ; but as her theatrical pursuits so intruded on her time she had to confine herself to the limited number of four. I was under Mrs. Dickens' tuition fifteen months. She had then to decline attending altogether. The last lesson I took of Mrs. Dickens, she presented me with a book : that very book I have still in my possession, although so many long years have elapsed. Mrs. Dickens strongly recommended me to practice lessons in that book daily. She considered my prospects in life were at present promising, but a reverse of fortune might take place with me as it had with many others. "You are too talented to submit to poverty ; you are gifted with a voice of a peculiar nature ; you can in concert take either first, second, or third treble ; when you practice your lessons in singing, think of me. At any time in the prime of life, you wish to have resource to your voice, make it known to me, and I will bring you forward as a concert singer." Mrs. Dickens then took an affectionate leave of me,

and left Bryan House. What she had named to me, seemed to make a great impression on my mind. I fancied that she certainly must have some presentiment of my future fate. As Mrs. Dickens was decidedly my favorite as a teacher, I felt so much regret at her leaving, that I sincerely wished in my own mind that I might soon leave Bryan House. Being passionately fond of music and singing, I thought, as she had left, music no longer would have any charms for me. Mrs. Dickens' voice was powerful and melodious. About sixteen years of age, I took my final farewell of Bryan House. On my return home, I found Mamma Dollman's health on the decline, and Papa Dollman considered it essentially necessary for her to have immediate change of air. Mr. Dollman was chief magistrate for the county of Surrey ; a Mr. Thomas Starling Benson, chosen high sheriff for the same county. Mr. Dollman and this gentleman were very particular friends. They agreed to share expenses and take a tour around England for six weeks. They considered that constant change of air during that time would certainly prove beneficial to Mrs. Dollman's health. Mr. Benson proposed we should travel in his own carriage, with four fast horses, and change every fifteen miles. I remember we visited Derby ; I recollect the peak in Derbyshire. This immense mountain appeared, as I stood upon level ground, to be almost perpendicular ; and to see the milkmaids descend with each a pail on her head, appeared to me truly astonishing. We visited Speedwell Mine. We entered a door placed on the side of a hill, and descended one hundred and six stone steps, laid like those of a set of cellar stairs. The passage was regularly arched with brick, and was in all respects convenient. Having reached the bottom of the steps, we found a handsome vaulted passage cut through solid limestone, and by the light of candles observed that it extended horizontally into the mountain, and its floor was covered with an expanse of water four feet deep. The entrance to this passage was perfectly similar in form to the mouth of a common oven, only much larger. On this unexpected, and, to me at that moment, incomprehensible canal, we found launched a large and convenient boat, and a guide, with two oars ; regularly on each side of this boat were placed lighted candles. We embarked ; our progress was through a passage wholly artificial, it having been blasted and hewn out of the solid rock. You will readily believe that this adventure was a delightful recreation ; we all felt sensibly the power of contrast. Instead of going through a narrow, dirty passage, we were now pleasantly embarked. The boatman rowing along, but we knew not to what solitary regions of this rude earth, over an expanse of water as

smooth as summer's seas. We had not the odors nor the silken sails of Cleopatra's barge, but we equalled her in melody of sound and distinctness of echo ; for when, in the gaiety of spirit, Mr. Benson and Mr. Dollman began to sing, the boatman gave them to understand that no one should sing in his mountain without his permission ; and before they had sung many notes, he broke out in such a strain that they were contented to listen and yield the palm without a contest. His voice, which was strong, clear and melodious, made all these silent regions ring : the long vaulted passage augmented the effect. Echo answered echo with great distinctness ; and had the genii of the mountain been present, they would doubtless have taken passage with us, and hearkened to his song. We began to hear the sound of a distant waterfall, which grew louder and louder as we advanced under the mountain, till it increased to such a raging noise that the boatman could no longer be heard. In this manner we went on a quarter of a mile, till we arrived in a vast cavern formed there by nature. The miners, as they were blasting the rocks at the time they were forming the vaulted passage, accidentally opened their way into this cavern. We then discovered how the canal was supplied with water, and found that it communicated with a river running through the cavern at right angles with the arched passage, and falling down a precipice, twenty-five feet, into a dark abyss. After crossing the river, the arched way is extended a quarter of a mile further on the other side—making, in the whole, half a mile from the entrance. The end of the earch is six hundred feet below the summit of the mountain. This has all been effected by mere dint of hewing and blasting, and is pronounced a most stupendous performance. It took eleven years' constant labor to effect it. In the meantime, the fortune of the adventurer was consumed without any discovery of ore except a very little lead : and I have no doubt, to this day, but this great work still remains a wonderful monument of human labor and perseverance. During the whole period of five years that they continued this work, after they crossed the cavern, they threw rubbish into the abyss, but never could fill it up. At the end of the cavern, near the cataract, Mr. Benson and Mr. Dollman ascended a ladder, made by pieces of timber fixed in the sides of the cavern, and with the aid of a torch elevated on a pole, they could not discover the top : the guide assured them that none had been found, although many had ascended very high. This cavern is without exception the most grand and solemn place that ever was seen. When we viewed the centre of a mountain in the midst of a void, where the regularity of the walls looked like some

vast rotunda ; when you think of a river as flowing across the bottom of this cavern, and falling abruptly into a profound abyss, with the stunning noise of a cataract ; when you imagine, by the light of a fire-work of gunpowder played off on purpose to render this darkness visible ; the foam of the cataract is illuminated even down to the surface of the waters in the abyss, and the rays emitted by the livid blaze, the preparation along the dripping walls of the cavern till they are lost in the darkened regions above. At this unexpected scene, we were filled with awe and astonishment, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

We were all much pleased and amused on visiting the different manufactories of earthen ware, and the beautiful and innumerable articles invented from the Derbyshire marcasite.

Passed through Oxford ; visited the different villages. During the hour of respite, it was a most interesting and gratifying sight to see the young Collegians in their silk robes and Oxonian caps, parading with the greatest regularity and decorum around the different colleges. The Oxford printing office is truly a most magnificent building. Passed through Nottingham ; visited the extensive stocking factory—hundreds of men employed, each man placed to his own loom. Mr. Benson and Mr. Dollman felt a great wish to see Mr. Boulton's extensive factory at Birmingham, both being acquainted with Mr. Spooner, a banker at Birmingham. Thither we went. A note was sent to Mr. Spooner. This gentleman was independent, and very eccentric in his habits. We were at the Swan Hotel, sitting at the windows to amuse ourselves with what was passing and repassing ; suddenly we observed a carriage coming very quickly towards the hotel ; a gentleman on the box driving four in hand ; he stopped at the hotel. To our great surprise, we discovered they were four mules, all the same color and size. Mr. Benson and Mr. Dollman immediately recognized Mr. Spooner, the banker. We had quickly to prepare to return with him to his beautiful villa, about five miles out of Birmingham. The next day, introduced by Mr. Spooner to Mr. Boulton, and received permission to go entirely through his factory. The first rooms we entered were very lofty and spacious ; in one, a great number of girls ; in another, as many boys—all busily employed in polishing plated goods. In other rooms, hardware and other articles, by far too numerous for me to mention. The next day went to the China and Glass establishment ; the first thing that attracted my attention was the winding staircase which we had to ascend to go to the spacious rooms above. I observed the balusters were all of solid thick cut glass ; this staircase, to me, ap-

peared truly brilliant. In different rooms, a most beautiful display of French China dinner-sets ; elegant mirrors, both large and small ; superb chandaliers, and numerous other articles. Mr. Benson and Mr. Dollman were informed by Mr. Spooner that the grand musical festival would commence on the following day, for the benefit of the General Hospital. All the principal singers from London were engaged ; as they were liberally paid for their services, they regularly left a handsome donation for the benefit of the General Hospital. This musical festival takes place every third year, and continues for three days. Tickets, one guinea each. We attended the festival. I was so enraptured with the beautiful music and singing, that I shall never forget it as long as I live. The innumerable choristers all joined in the different choruses with delightful unison and strictness of time. After attending the three days, took our leave of Mr. Spooner and family, and left Birmingham. We passed through Northampton, Buxton, Wetlock, Tunbridge, Wells, and several other places ; and, at the end of six weeks, returned home, highly delighted with our excursion.

Although Mrs. Dollman's health was much improved by her journey, it was only for a short period. A Captain in the same regiment with my uncle, obtained leave of absence from his commanding officer to return to England for a short time, to visit his friends, and brought with him letters from my uncle ; and told Mrs. Dollman that he had not the least doubt but on his return her son would receive permission to come to England, as he was under an engagement of marriage to a very amiable young lady at Calcutta. This young lady had near relatives residing in the city of Canterbury. This Captain spoke very highly of my uncle ; that he was universally beloved throughout the regiment. At this unexpected news, Mamma Dollman felt much pleased and delighted. Some time after she received a letter from my uncle, to inform her that he intended visiting England, and named in the letter the ship he should return in. After the ship had sailed from India some time, my father having a very great respect for my uncle, felt anxious to see him once again ; he went to the War Office to inquire if all was well on board the ship he was coming in. The clerk told him to examine the book, and that would give him every information. In the book, he found the name of George Thomas Griffith, died of yellow fever in a few days after he sailed for England. My dear father at this melancholy news felt truly miserable, being fully aware that it would certainly hasten Mrs. Dollman's death. My father related the melancholy circumstance to Mrs. Dollman in as delicate a manner as he

possibly could. At this unexpected and inevitable loss, she at first appeared inconsolable. The ship that my uncle was to have come in arrived safe in England with the young lady that he intended to marry on his arrival. With letters that she had in her possession, she soon obtained the address of Mrs. Dollman. To give a description of the interview is impossible—more easily imagined than described. This unfortunate young lady's heart appeared to be almost bursting with grief. We endeavored, as far as laid in our power to offer her every consolation. After remaining with us some time, she expressed a wish to go to her friends and relatives that were residing in the city of Canterbury. This young lady attired herself in deep widow's mourning, and left us. She faithfully promised to write, but we never heard anything more about her. At this unexpected domestic affliction, Mrs. Dollman's health rapidly declined, and in a very short time she died.

Some time after her death, Mr. Dollman requested me to visit him in his library, as he had something particular to name to me. He named the hour, and I attended. He informed me, since the death of my grandmother he had altered his will, and left me assignee to his property. If I married agreeably to his wishes, a handsome marriage portion; if I acted disobedient and self-willed, he would disinherit me. Stella Maria and Virginia Nattali were my two particular friends; we had always associated together from early childhood. Their brother, Augustus Angelo, had formed a very strong attachment to me from his boyhood. He was two years older than myself. I had received at times valuable presents from Augustus Angelo, but kept them perfectly recluse, as he was too young to make his intentions known to Mr. Dollman. One evening he called with a letter, presented the servant with a gold piece, under the faithful promise that it should be delivered to me, and no one else. Previous to my retiring to bed, this letter was presented to me. I hastily looked over it, and perceived that it was a request to make his intentions known to Mr. Dollman; and, with my permission, our marriage should be celebrated on the day he arrived at the age of twenty-one. The father of Augustus Angelo Nattali was born in Italy, and had accumulated considerable wealth by exportation and importation. His oldest son was married, and lived in Canada, and with him Mr. Nattali used to merchandise. I knew Mr. Dollman would accede to Augustus Angelo's proposal, because he was wealthy, and an Episcopalian. I knew he also entertained a very high respect for his father, as they agreed precisely on politics.

I answered the letter, and gave Angelo permission to make known his intentions to Mr. Dollman. I took the letter to the post office myself, and carefully placed it in the letter-box: but, mysterious to relate, he never received it. Not receiving an answer to his letter, he hastily concluded I was playing the coquet; his constant attendance at church was suddenly withdrawn. This Mr. Dollman quickly observed, and being aware of Augustus' attachment to me, accused me of having offended him, and felt fearful I had been showing temper at something he had done to displease me. "This present separation, Mr. Dollman, is entirely the fault of Augustus. I have given him no cause whatever to feel offended with me." On the following morning, I packed in a casket the whole of his jewelry that I had accepted from him at different times as presents, and sent it to him—feeling fully assured in my own mind that he had received my letter. This returned jewelry doubly enraged him. His two sisters were sitting in the same room at work. They soon perceived that Augustus Angelo was in a dreadful passion. He eagerly requested them to get him a hammer. With this, and the casket of jewelry, he left the room, and his sisters followed. To their great surprise and astonishment he placed the whole on a stone hearth, and smashed it flat. His sister Stella Maria begged for a very handsome ring, set round with pearls, with his initials in the centre. He told her to touch it at her peril; "for if Mary Ann Harvey will not condescend to keep it, not a single being on this earth shall have it." This demolished jewelry was replaced in the casket and returned to me. To express my astonishment at beholding these battered ornaments is quite impossible. That Augustus Angelo possessed an impetuous and vindictive temper, I was well assured; and thought myself fortunate in making the discovery previous to a union.

Some few weeks after, I received an invitation from a Mrs. Mitchell of Ingleigh Hall, in Essex, to come and visit her for a few weeks; and as two of my young companions were also invited, I accepted her invitation. The next day after our arrival, Mr. Frank Mitchell, her oldest son, came home on a visit for a short time.

When he first entered the university at Oxford, he was about fifteen, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies: this gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in company, and at the same time so little acquaintance with the world that he did not know how to talk like other people. One evening, as we were all at supper, we were much improved by Frank's table

talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild-fowl, that according to the opinion of some natural philosophers, they might be lately come from the moon ; upon which, his sister bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions, relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars, and after every interrogatory, would he winking at me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Frank gained his point ; for the mother was pleased, and the servants stared, at the learning of their young master. Frank was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When his sisters were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbons were of the same color, "or rather," says Frank, "of no color at all." Although the mother felt pleased at her son's improvement, one evening she felt angry with him for having accidentally burnt her fingers in lighting her lamp. In the midst of her anguish, he took the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads in which Frank did not imagine that he made the whole family wiser than they were before. We passed our time tolerably pleasant. Mr. Mitchell being a gentleman farmer, we could at any time take air and exercise, by walking round his lot.

After remaining two weeks, my companions and myself returned home. These two young ladies lived about a quarter of a mile from my father's residence. As I had to pass his house previous to going to Mr. Dollman's, I called. My father felt much pleased to see me. I inquired if he had any company. "Only a Mr. Robert Sturges, a gentleman that I had the pleasure of being introduced to when I dined with Captain Bond." I said, "As he is a stranger to me, I feel as if I had rather not be introduced to him." My father answered : "Mr. Dollman will not be home till late this evening. To-day is the meeting of the Surrey magistrates. You had better go into the parlor and see your mother." At last I consented. My father took me by the hand, and introduced me to Mr. Robert Sturges. As my mother had not seen me for some time, she felt much pleased at my safe return.

Mr. Robert Sturges, at that time, was an excellent singer and performer on the piano forte ; he had been under the tuition of Miss Ann Valentine, organist to St. Margaret's Church, Leicester. Mr. R. S.'s father was passionately fond of music, and an excellent player on the violin and violincello, and kept his son, when young, to steady practice, feeling anxious for him to become a proficient. But

unfortunately getting weary of confinement, he left his home and commenced being a commercial traveller. I spent a very pleasant evening with my father and mother, and felt much pleased with the musical talent of Mr. Robert Sturges.

After a few interviews with Mr. R. S., I found that he was gaining great ascendancy over my affections: and as my father and mother observed the attachment, it was made known to Mr. Dollman. He strenuously refused to be introduced to Mr. Sturges, having ascertained that he was not in independent circumstances. For some length of time we clandestinely corresponded, and had frequent interviews; without the knowledge of my parents or Mr. Dollman. At last, I unfortunately consented to elope with Mr. R. S., and we were privately married.

As soon as Mr. Dollman heard of my marriage, he confined himself to his room for three days, and disinherited me for committing such an act of disobedience. I was severely reprimanded by my father and mother for acting so rashly.

Some short time after my marriage, I received a visit from my eldest brother, George Harvey. Having finished his education, he felt a great inclination to go to the East Indies. Captain Maxwell was appointed to command the convoy ship called the *Dædalus*. He felt a great wish to go with him, as he intended taking his two sons; and they were school-fellows of my brother.

Dædalus, a most ingenious Athenian artist, who invented the saw, the axe, the plummet, the augur, and glue; sails for ships, sail-yards, the famous labyrinth at Crete, and statues so contrived as to make the eyes move as if living: *Talus*, the nephew of *Dædalus*, who made such progress in art, under the direction of his uncle, at last became jealous of such a rival, and secretly put him to death.

As the *Dædalus* was a complete new ship, and it being her first voyage to India, Mrs. Maxwell felt a great inclination to accompany her husband; her sister also. As it was against the rule of the East India Directors for a captain to take his wife on board, he felt fearful to consent; but Mrs. Maxwell so earnestly requested it, that at last he yielded. Captain Maxwell received orders from the Directors to sail on a certain day of the month. This day happened on a Friday; and as sailors are generally superstitious, Captain Maxwell felt very much disconcerted at receiving orders to sail on that day: he prognosticated that the ship would not arrive safe. My brother embarked, and the fleet sailed. One beautiful morning Mrs. Maxwell and her sister were on deck; something they wished to see to gratify their curiosity, the pilot went rather out of his lati-

tade. Suddenly the ship struck violently against a rock. In a short time the water commenced rapidly entering the ship ; guns were fired, and the fleet not being far off, boats were sent to their assistance. Captain Maxwell ordered all hands to the pumps, in order to save the ship. But all in vain ; it kept filling so rapidly that their lives were in danger. Not a single article of clothing could they save. Through the kind exertions of an honest Jack Tar, who ran back into the Captain's cabin, my brother's flute, violin and music were saved. All hands had to jump in the different boats as quick as possible. Captain Maxwell perceiving the *Dædalus* gradually sinking, was very much affected, and told his wife he was a ruined man. When it wholly disappeared, with all its valuable cargo on board, he burst into tears, and told Mrs. Maxwell that on his arrival to his native country he would be tried by a court martial—which honorably acquitted him, but expelled him from the East India Company's service.

All hands had to go on board the different ships, and manage as well as they could, until the fleet returned to England. Previous to my brother's embarkation, he related a melancholy circumstance, that happened at the Rev. Dr. Valpey's, at Beading, in Berkshire, where he finished his education. Two noble youths of the name of Henry and William, that had been educated in the celebrated establishment of Dr. Valpey, formed a reciprocal friendship for each other, and were during their school days inseparable friends. They were nearly of the same age. Dr. Valpey had at that time four beautiful daughters. Henry formed a romantic attachment for Emily Valpey. Some time previous to his leaving for the vacation, he fancied he had a rival, and determined to watch. One beautiful moonlight night he secreted himself where he entertained strong suspicions that Emily would meet his unknown rival. By the rays of the moon, he discovered his friend William in deep conversation with his favorite Emily. Enraged at this, he rushed into the school room, and hastily wrote a note to his friend to meet him on the following morning, at four o'clock. William accepted his challenge ; everything was prepared, and on the following morning at the appointed time, they met ; seconds were present. Henry discharged his pistol, and killed his friend William. Henry threw himself on the lifeless body of his friend, and fainted. Some men that were passing through a field to their work, observed the confusion, and hastily made their way through a thick hedge, procured some water, and after some little time the unfortunate youth revived. But his paroxysm of despair at the awful deed he had done was truly di-

trembling: his screams were appalling; he declared he should die, and they must bury him in the same grave with his injured friend. Dr. Valpey was aroused, and the whole establishment in a very short time was in a complete state of confusion and horror. The melancholy news was sent to their parents with all possible speed, and as they fortunately did not live many miles distant, they were quickly at the residence of Dr. Valpey. The feelings of the parents on seeing the lifeless body of their son, can be more easily imagined than described. The parents of the other distressed youth appeared inconsolable. He was sensible only at intervals. He lived in the greatest agony of mind about six months, and died and was buried in the same grave with his friend. On the melancholy deaths of these two youths, Dr. Valpey composed a beautiful Latin inscription. Through this unhappy occurrence, he lost every one of his scholars; and more than four years elapsed before the excitement died away. And then his school by degrees began to revive.

For some years after my marriage I enjoyed uninterrupted happiness. My dear father used every persuasion to Mr. Dollman to become reconciled to me, but of no avail: he still remained obstinate and inexorable. But this made no alteration in my husband's manner toward me; his conduct was exemplary, and always remained so through his life. The first heavy domestic affliction that occurred to Mr. S. was the death of his father, about twelve months after the death of his youngest brother. This melancholy affair caused him much unhappiness.

Previous to my brother's return from India, my dear father's health began to decline. In a few months after his return, my father died. This was a sad loss to my dear mother and family. Mr. Sturges highly respected my father, and felt deep regret at his death. The Hon. East India Company settled a small annuity upon my mother for life, and sent one hundred pounds to pay the funeral expenses. Mr. Dollman settled an income on my mother for life: at her death to be divided between her daughter and two sons.

After the death of my dear father, my brother's health became indifferent. He appeared restless, and unhappy, and seemed to feel an anxious wish to take another voyage to India. He constantly used every persuasion he could possibly think of to induce Mr. Sturges and myself to accompany him. My brother had two of his most particular friends and school-fellows residing in the city of Canton; and as their parents possessed extensive wealth, he felt rather sanguine that on his arrival there, they would do all in their power to place him in a lucrative and permanent situation. My brother

considered that it might be beneficial both to Mr. Sturges and myself, as he should have an opportunity of introducing us to his friends. I at last, with Mr. Sturges, consented to accompany my brother to India. My brother received permission from the East India Directors to embark with Captain Bond, who was appointed to command the convoy ship called the *Minden*.

I remember we set sail on the first of April, and after a most delightful passage, arrived safe at Canton. It is a large, populous, and wealthy city. Many of the inhabitants live in barks, which form a kind of floating city. These barks touch each other, and are so arranged as to form streets. This was then the only Chinese port to which European and American vessels were admitted. The principal article at that time of export was tea; and it was said that 20,000,000 pounds were exported annually to Europe and America.

Calcutta, the capital of Bengal, and all the British possessions in India, are situated on the Hoagley, the western arm of the Ganges, one hundred miles from the sea. The houses are variously built, mostly with brick, some with bamboo and mats, others with mud. The inhabitants present an equally striking contrast. There is to be seen the black Hindoo, the olive-colored Moor, and the fair and florid European.

Madus, or Fort St. George, on the Coromandel coast, is a British fort and town, next in importance to Calcutta, and, like it, exhibits a striking novelty to Americans and Europeans. It is close to the margin of the sea, from which it makes a beautiful appearance.

The soil of China produces in abundance everything that can minister to the necessities, conveniences, or luxuries of life. The culture of the cotton and rice fields, from which the bulk of the inhabitants are clothed and fed, is ingenious beyond description. The tallow tree produces a fruit having all the qualities of our tallow, and when manufactured with oil, serves the natives as candles. The most celebrated vegetable production of China is tea. It is the leaf of a shrub planted in rows on land that lies fully exposed to the sun. The leaves undergo much preparation. They are rolled up by the hands of females, and then laid on plates of earthen ware or iron. The color of the green tea is thought to arise from the early period at which the leaves are plucked; and which, like unripe fruit, are generally green and acid. Agriculture is held in the highest estimation in China. Once every year, at the vernal equinox, the Emperor, with all his great mandarins and lords, performs the ceremony of holding the plough. The air is generally serene and salubrious. In the south it is hot, like other regions in the same latitude, while

in the north the cold is severe in winter. In the west of China, bordering on Thibet, are several chains of mountains. The principal rivers are the Hoang-ho or Yellow river, and the Kiang-ku or Blue river, together with their numerous branches. The Hoang-ho rises in the mountains of Thibet, and after pursuing an extremely winding course, falls into the Pacific ocean. About 70 miles from its mouth, it is crossed by the Imperial canal. Mines of gold and silver have been discovered in China, but they are not allowed to be worked, from an apprehension that they will hinder the progress of agriculture. The chief towns are Pekin, Nankin, and Fohan. Pekin, the capital, is situated in a fertile plain, and forms an exact square fourteen miles in circumference. It is said to contain three millions of inhabitants. It is surrounded by a wall from 25 to 30 feet high, with nine gates, which are lofty and well-arched. The houses are seldom more than one-story high, and uniformly have the windows from the street. The streets are straight, most of them three miles in length, and 120 feet wide, with shops on each side. All the great streets are guarded by soldiers, who patrol night and day, with swords by their sides, and whips in their hands, to preserve peace and good order. Nankin was formerly the capital. It is now greatly fallen from its ancient splendor, but it is reckoned the most extensive city in the empire. Here is a famous tower, covered with porcelain, 200 feet high, and divided into nine stories. The manufactures of China are very numerous. The most noted is that of porcelain, called "China." Next in importance are cotton and silk. The Chinese are middle-sized, with broad faces, small black eyes, blunt noses, high cheek bones, and large lips. They shave their heads, except a lock on the crown. The women have their feet shod even in infancy to prevent the growth to any proportional size, so that they seem rather to totter than to walk. In marriage, the parties never see each other till the bargain is concluded by their parents, which is frequently done during their infancy. White is the color adopted for mourning. The Chinese language is the most singular of any in the world. It contains only three hundred and thirty words, all of one syllable; but then each word is pronounced with such various modulations, and with so many different meanings, that the language becomes more copious than could be easily imagined. In writing, they have 30,000 characters. Schools are numerous in China, and education is considered an object of great importance. Books are printed from blocks, after the manner of stereotyped plates and wooden cuts. There is no established religion, nor is any one preferred or established to the exclusion of another. The Chinese have

no days set apart for Divine worship, but the temples are open every day for the visits of devotees. The government is patriarchal, and despotic ; but examples of tyranny are very rare. The Emperor regards his people as his children, not as his slaves. The most remarkable antiquity of China is the great wall, built about 300 years before Christ, to prevent the encroachment of the Tartars. It extends about 500 miles, passing over high mountains and deep valleys, with towers erected on it about one hundred yards distant from each other. The principal islands are Formosa, Hainan, Lu-keoo, and Macao: Formosa is a recent acquisition of the Chinese. They acquired it in the latter end of the seventeenth century. The natives, according to the Chinese accounts, are little better than savages. Hainan, in the southern part, is mountainous ; in the northern, it is level and productive of rice. Luo-keoo isles lie between Formosa and Japan, and constitute a little civilized kingdom, tributary to China. Macao lies on the bay of Canton. It has on it a small town called Macao, which belongs to the Portuguese. Of all the animals in India, most to be dreaded both by man and beast, is the royal tiger of Bengal, which is both the most beautiful and most terrible of all carnivorous animals. This animal at one leap can spring 100 feet, but if disappointed at the first leap he crouches his tail and retreats.

Although the climate of India was intensely hot, we passed our time very pleasantly. To use any kind of exertion during the heat of the day, was quite impossible. My brother, by one of his friends was offered a very lucrative situation, but declined accepting it, being fearful that the intense heat of the climate would prove injurious to his health, and render him unable to fulfil his duty. In consequence of the climate, Mr. Sturges and myself thought it expedient to return to England, with my brother.

As soon as the East India fleet was ready to sail, we returned in the Minden, commanded by Captain Bond. On our passage to England, stopped at the Cape of Good Hope. It was discovered by the Portuguese in the year 1487. The Dutch afterwards made a settlement on it. But the English conquered it in 1806, and still retain possession of it. Captain Bond supplied himself from the colony with a large quantity of beautiful wine, called Constantia. This delicious wine is particularly celebrated in England. Cape Town, the capital, is regularly and handsomely built. The streets are broad, and cross each other at right angles. Many of them have canals running through them, planted on each side, with rows of oaks. The houses are generally two stories high, white-washed

on the outside, with windows and doors painted green. This colony derives its chief importance from being the place where the East India fleets used to stop for refreshments.

After leaving the Cape, the Minden had to encounter with many heavy storms. But, thank God, eventually we all arrived safe to our native land. To give the smallest description of my dear mother's joyful feelings at our safe return, is utterly impossible. As my brother fortunately possessed a superior talent for portrait and miniature painting, he now felt resolutely determined to remain in his own country, and by indefatigable exertion to endeavor to become a celebrated artist.

One evening, in England, while walking in a beautiful garden, night insensibly stole upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colors which appeared in the western parts of the heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several other stars and planets appeared, one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. Being particularly fond, when a school girl, of Astronomy, and having studied the celestial globe, I felt this evening an inclination to take a survey of the heavenly firmament. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature ; which was more finely shaded and disposed amongst softer lights, than that which the sun had discovered before to me. As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a serious thought rose in me. David himself fell into this reflection : "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him." In the same manner, when I consider the infinite host of stars, or to speak more philosophically, of stars that were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds moving around their respective suns, and worlds rising still above those which I had discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are placed at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us ; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on the little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Some passages, composed on Isaiah the prophet, now came across my mind:

MESSIAH;

A SACRED ECLOGUE, COMPOSED OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF ISAIAH THE PROPHET.

Written in imitation of Virgil's Pollio.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountaine and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maides,
Delight no more. O! Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard began:

A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid—
From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.
All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descends.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh! spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring.
See, lofty Lebanon his head advance;
See, nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See, spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowing top perfumes the skies.
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God! a God! appears;
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise!
With head deckin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all yet blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-balls pour the day!

'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear.
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe;
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face, He wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pastures, and the finest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs;
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects.
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Mankind shall thus His guardian care engage—
The promis'd Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more;
But needless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
There vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear;
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abode,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spicy fir and shapely box adorn.
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue and pointless sting shall play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,

Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barb'rous nations at thy gate attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabeen springs !
For thee, Borneo's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow ;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'n'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts : The Light, Himself, shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay ;
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
Thy Balm forever lasts, Thy own Messiah reigns.

Some time since, as I was looking over the late edition of Mons. Balleau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase ; and that the perfectly sublime rises from all these three in conjunction together. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joad, the high priest, that the Queen was incensed against him, the high priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer : "He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to His holy will. O ! Abner ! I fear my God, and I fear none but Him." Such a thought gives a sublimity to human nature. There is no example in pagan history, which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the Goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. No man was ever more distinguished by the Deity, whom he blindly worshiped, than the great person I am now speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one, which I shall relate out of Plutarch : Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to do it they took

their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him ; upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination, but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear speaking, on this occasion, with a kind of rapture on the scheme of Providence, which in this particular had so contrived it that the stranger should for so great a space of time be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, till by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

What calms the heart, and makes the mind serene ? Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. The world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

As the stoic philosophers discard all passions in general, they will not allow a wise man so much as to pity the afflictions of another. If thou seest thy friend in trouble, says Epictatus, thou mayest put on a look of sorrow, and condole with him ; but take care that thy sorrow be not real. The more rigid of this sect would not comply so far as to show an outward appearance of grief, but when told them of any calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their acquaintance, they would immediately reply, What is that to me ? If you aggravated the circumstances of the affliction, and showed how one misfortune was followed by another, the answer still was, All this may be true, but what is it to me ? For my own part, I am of opinion, that compassion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent happiness, such an indifference to mankind, as that in which the Stoicks placed their wisdom. As love is the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but love softened by a degree of sorrow. In short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish as well as generous sympathy.

I do not remember to have seen any ancient or modern story more affecting than a letter of Ann Boleyn, wife of King Henry the Eighth, and mother to Queen Elizabeth, written by her own hand. Shakspeare himself could not have made her talk in language so suitable to her condition and character. You see in it the expostulations of a slighted lover, the resentments of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned Queen. I need not acquaint my reader that this princess was under prosecution for disloyalty to the king's bed, and that she was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the same accusation. This prosecution was believed to proceed, as she herself intimates, more from the king's love to Jane Seymour, than from any actual crime in Ann Boleyn.

'Queen Ann Boleyn's last Letter to King Henry.'

SIR: Your Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange to me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me, (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favor,) by such a one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn: with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I looked for such an alteration as I now find: for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate, to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honor, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my judges. Yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see my innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied; the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So whatever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be saved from an open censure; and mine offense being so proved your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you already have determined of me, and that not only my death but an infamous slander

must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise my enemies, the instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to strict account for your unprincipally and cruel usage of me, at His general judgment seat; where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, (whatever the world may think of me,) mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, (as I understand,) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favor in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ear, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with my earnest prayers to the Infinite to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my deleful prison in the Tower, this eighth of May.

Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

ANN BOLEYN.

Unforeseen circumstances, commenced with Mr. Robert Sturges' loss of property, and repeated disappointments, finally induced him to make up his mind to visit America. At this time I had ~~two~~ sons and one daughter. My mother and brother felt much grieved at his determination to leave England. At first, I felt much averse to again leave my native land: but when I found my eldest son felt a great desire to come to America, I complied. Never shall I forget the separation, on my leaving England, with my mother and brothers. We embarked, and arrived safely at New York, and quickly made our way to Troy.

After being in Troy some little time, I called upon Mrs. Emma Willard. She received me as courteously as if I had been some old friend. This pleasing condescension, as I was a foreigner and a stranger, was truly gratifying to my feelings. I had some private conversation with Mrs. Willard, and told her that if she had a vacancy in her establishment for a music and singing teacher, I should be very happy to make an engagement with her. Mrs. Willard enquired for my letter of recommendation. I told her that I really felt so excited at leaving England, that it had entirely escaped my memory. "Shall you have any objection, Mrs. Sturges, to come to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock, and sing and play to me"? "Not in the least, Mrs. Willard. I will be here to-morrow morning at your appointed time." "If I approve of your performance, I think, by your appearance and manner, that you are a person that will exactly suit my establishment." I went the next morning, played on the

piano forte, and sung several songs to Mrs. Willard ; made an engagement with her, and commenced the following morning to teach. During the whole time I remained in this establishment, I received from all the young ladies that were under my tuition, the greatest respect and kindness.

My daughter gave lessons in embroidery. She gave lessons to a Miss Harriet Warren, of Troy, one of the most amiable and benevolent young ladies I ever met with, during the whole course of my life. My daughter, during our residence in Troy, had unfortunately indifferent health ; at last she became so seriously sick that we had to obtain medical advice. As soon as Miss Harriet Warren heard of this, she immediately requested a consulting physician to attend, and told me she would be responsible for all expenses. Mrs. Warren was a widow lady of extensive wealth, and a very strict Episcopalian. During my daughter's severe indisposition, she sent her man-servant every day with every little nicety suitable for a sick person. This benevolent kindness, I trust I shall ever remember with gratitude so long as I have existence.

During my residence in Troy, I formed a slight acquaintance with a lady who was considered rather superstitious. One day I called, and observed, on entering the room, a settled melancholy on her countenance ; and anxiously enquired from whence it proceeded. She sat down, and after looking at me a little while, "My dear," says she, turning to her husband, "you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into joining-hand on Thursday. "Thursday!" says she ; "no, child ; if it please God you shall not begin upon Childermas day. Tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough." I could not but help reflecting on the oddness of her conduct. As we were all seated at the supper table, she requested me to hand her the salt ; but in hastily handing it to her, it slipped from my hand ; at which she immediately started, and said that it fell towards her—and she looked very serious. But after recovering herself a little, she said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come alone. Do you remember that the pigeon house fell on the very afternoon that careless girl Betty spilt the salt upon the table?" "Yes, indeed I do, my dear ; and upon my return home I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious foibles ; how they subject us to imaginary evils and additional sorrows that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient, some turn the

most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils."

I remember one Christmas previous to my leaving England, Mr. Robert Sturges and myself were at a party, and were all full of mirth and pleasantry, when an elderly lady remarked, as there were nineteen in number, that one of the company would die some time in the following year. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises entirely from fear and ignorance.

The elderly lady I have been alluding to, possessed a great act of uncharitableness. She would interpret the afflictions which befall her neighbors as punishments and judgments. She once told me of an unfortunate young lady, that lost her beauty by the small-pox. She fetched a deep sigh, and told me that when she had a fine face, she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintances, and she wishes it may prosper with her—but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who have large estates, but never enjoyed them by reason of some flaw in their own or their father's behavior. She can give you the reason why such a one died childless; why such a one was cut off in the flower of his youth; why such a one was unhappy in marriage. Whenever she heard of a robbery that had been made, or a murder that had been committed, she would enlarge more on the guilt of the suffering person than on that of the thief or the assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbors is a judgment. I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes as not only very uncharitable in regard to the person whom they befall, but very presumptuous in regard to Him who is supposed to inflict them.

As my daughter's health did not much improve, and as the winters in Troy are very severe, I felt fearful that I should be obliged to leave. I like Troy exceedingly; it is certainly a beautiful place. Mrs. Willard considered if I left, that I had better go south, and she would give me a letter of recommendation to a Miss Julia Thomas, of Milledgeville. I unfortunately had to leave, the winters being too severe for my daughter, and likewise for me.

Previous to my leaving, I had a concert. My concert was most liberally patronised. All the gentlemen amateurs kindly offered their services. Miss Harriet Warren and a Mrs. Parker interested themselves very much for my benefit. The evening previous to the concert, I had an occasion to call on Mrs. Parker. Previous to my

leaving, she took my hand, placed something into it, and told me to keep it closed until I got home. On my return I found in my hand carefully wrapped up, a five dollar bill. This was certainly a most agreeable surprise to me. This liberality I by no means expected. Mrs. Willard kindly offered me her examination room for my intended concert, free of expense—which I considered on her part very handsome behavior.

After leaving Troy, I resided for some length of time about fifteen miles from New York. Unexpected circumstances happened to prevent me from going south. Melancholy to relate, during my residence at this place, I was bereaved of my son and daughter. My youngest son, mournful to relate, died on his passage from England, of scarlet fever and measles. About two years ago, after a lingering illness, my husband died.

I am now left forlorn and destitute, in a foreign country, to do the best I can, without a single relative to assist me. As I am so unfortunately situated, I firmly place my reliance on a liberal public to support me in this little work. Were all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which are continually being spread abroad concerning one another. There are but few who are not in some degree guilty of this offense: it must be confessed that we consent, in speaking ill of the persons that are notorious for this practice. The publisher of scandal is more or less odious; but whatever may be the occasion of spreading false reports, it ought to be considered that the effect of them is prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. Persons are generally ready to spread and propagate reports tending to the disreputation of another. Persons who feel a real delight in hearing the faults of another, show at once that they have a true relish for scandal. Every one should endeavor to avoid this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

After the decease of my husband, a report was in circulation that I was an unbeliever. I solemnly deny being an Atheist. Instead of being brought up and educated in a state of Atheism, I had to attend church regularly every Sunday, unless I was sick. Mr. Frederick Dollman, my foster-father, was a gentleman of independent fortune, and a strict Episcopalian. Although he lived in independence, and associated with highly respectable families, he never invited a family to dine with him on a Sunday; he would never even take a ride in his own carriage, except to church. Mr. D. was a

man universally respected, both in public and private life ; a liberal subscriber to every charitable institution around the suburbs of London, viz : The Deaf and Dumb Institution : Blind School : Grammar School : St. John's, Southwark's, Charity School : Philanthropic Society for Orphans, whose parents had been unfortunately executed for murder : the Magdalen Asylum for unfortunate Females : the Asylum for Fatherless Orphans : etc. etc.

I love God, and I love his laws and dispensations. I love not only his gifts, but his chidings also, which are his veriest gifts. If our self-will were not often checked, and forced by a strong hand from its course, it would remain forever in a perverted state ; our pursuits, our attachments, our hopes, our fears, our triumphs must all acquire a new order. To love God, is to love goodness in every form, and in every degree ; and to seek to promote it by every possible means, and to shun evils of every kind as obstacles to its progress, is a duty. To love our neighbor, is to seek his well-being and happiness. The true love of our neighbor is beneficent, disinterested, forgiving, compassionate ; seeking to set purposes right by good counsel and kindness finds its own enjoyment in the happiness which it promotes. To love God truly, we must love the hand that gives, that takes away, that elevates, and that confounds. To love our neighbor truly, we must love him with all his faults, without loving his faults ; take him as he is, and we increase our love as he increases in goodness : if he is capable of listening to counsel, advise for the best ; if he is abandoned, pray for him ; and never forget the general law of charity, which ought to extend to all.

The delights of constancy and of variety may at first sight appear in opposition, while they are so closely united that the one cannot exist unless it depends on the other, no more than a flower can flourish unless it is united to its root. The sun is constant in his rising, and all nature teems with abundance and variety through his instrumentality. The enjoyment of every real rational comfort depends equally on our constancy in the adoration of the great First Cause. When we turn from this Fountain of happiness, every enjoyment sickens and dies as flowers cut off from their parent roots.

In the marriage state, there can be no true felicity, but what is built on unanimity and fidelity. Two rational minds in unison, are capable of producing endless varieties of mutual delights, by an interchange of kind offices and attentions, by the education of children, by the charms of conversation, and by varied pursuits. But as soon as the constancy of harmony and fidelity fails, the blossoms of happiness die.













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